

[Intro]

They don't mind you givin' the latest rap, they don't mind your being hoes, they don't mind your being b\*t\*hes, they don't mind you being whatever image that Viacom and BET can come up with. But what they don't want you to know that you're the ones that can redefine civilization if you take time to do it

[Verse 1]

It's a Guerrilla Funk-orchestrated counterattack  
Formulate and infiltrate 'em so the people react  
See if I was wicked I would pick and stick to a plan  
To rule the world and trick 'em, this is how it'd began  
See I'd have to find a way to keep the people enslaved  
Behave, teach the babies it's my way or the grave  
And start with the body, workin' labor for free  
And give 'em fake religion so they worshippin' me  
And see and when the free labor play out, I'd let it go  
But only after I made enough to control  
Then I'd tell 'em that the afterlife is better than this  
And that they should love their enemies when faced with contempt  
I'd persist with some history that I would rewrite  
In a school system where I'd keep the money too tight  
I'd let 'em all know just where they belong in my world  
Turn the boys into felons, makin' hookers of girls  
Swirled up in my plan, build jails to keep  
All my prisons full of n\*\*\*as, have 'em workin' for free  
See with ghetto-economics in check, I'd keep 'em broke  
Teach 'em only to respect sports, music and dope  
Control the content of lyrics, now only the sound  
Of sex, dope and murder in a song is allowed  
Tell 'em "N\*\*\*as ain't sh\*t" every move that they make  
And that black is dirty so they never try to be great  
Can you relate? I'd laugh, watch 'em murder for scraps  
Set it up so they'd die over crack I provide  
Do it right, and I'd see they try to be like me  
Try to be the biggest G up in these murderous streets  
I'd teach, manhood means how many women ya f\*\*k  
How many babies you can make, responsibility ducked  
F\*\*k a job, real men are pimps, that's what I'd teach  
And if b\*t\*hes wanna trip, then them b\*t\*hes get beat  
I'd see it all through, never lose and pa\*\* a new law

Give 'em 3 strikes so the men are constantly gone  
Yeah, if I was evil they would think I do no wrong  
See it's lethal how I keep 'em in their place so long, believe  
[Hook]

I got my eyes upon you, and all the things that you do  
Some close they eyes but mine can see, all the evil surroundin' me  
So what I'm 'posed ta do, when I can see right through?  
Expose the lies and snatch the sheets, fight the evil surroundin' me

[Verse 2]

After all is said and done here and I could afford  
I'd concentrate deeply on controllin' abroad  
And think about a way to take control of they land  
I'd create a virus made to murder people en ma\*\*e  
Last time was Tuskegee, but now it's for real  
House Bill 15090 would just kill  
With germs that would murder with sperm and blood drips  
And kill 'em all worser than burned, they'd die quick  
See to understand, you could witness the plan  
Through the green-monkey sham they would think it began  
And while we argue over the cost, they'd all die  
With generations all being lost with no fight  
I'd continue with the pain, make it oh so plain  
I'd manipulate the market for my capital gain  
Keep the people all broke and confused and undercla\*\*ed  
Give my homies all executive bonuses through the crash  
And if the heat get too hot, I'd plant a bomb  
Or wreck a plane, just like Hitler back in the day  
And scare all the people, they'd forget about me  
They'd forget about elections and the way that we cheated  
See me blame it on a foreigner and non-white men  
Celebrate my gestapo with a positive spin  
Then manipulate the media - it's U.S. first  
Get the stupid-a\*\* public to agree with my words  
Then I'd make the play, takin' all their freedoms away  
Incarcerate anybody that'll get in my way  
Make 'em censor any media that challenge the mold  
Give 'em bullsh\*tty shows just like Anna Nicole's  
Control the message in the music, it's gangsta fo' sho  
Give 'em diamonds, never tell 'em 'bout the conflict zones  
Never tell 'em 'bout the murder in Sierra Leone  
Never tell 'em how the diamonds make 'em murder their own

It's all too easy, if I was evil that's how I'd rock it  
Make sure that my propaganda won't ever stop it  
Got 120 channels, but it's nothin' to watch  
Now 11:55 be the time on the clock, believe